

Editorial Page of "The Capital Journal"

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FORCING GREECE'S HAND

Greece has made a strenuous effort to keep out of the European war and up to this time has succeeded. The dispatches yesterday indicated that her efforts in this line have in the end proved unavailing. Mr. Hughes says "only an awful blunder can get into war," yet Greece with her territory invaded by her perennial enemy can hardly be called a blunderer if war is forced upon her. From the dispatches it appears Bulgaria has deliberately taken possession of several Greek towns and her troops have clashed with those of Greece, several of the latter being killed. Under these conditions it does not seem possible she can longer keep out of the maelstrom.

It is not known at this time whether Bulgaria has made the advance into Greece with the consent and backing of the Central empires, or is acting independently in this respect. At any rate the smoldering race hatred which has marked the relations between Greece and Bulgaria are being roused to fever heat, and it is doubtful if the pro-German King Constantine will be able much longer to hold his people in check.

Greece stands in the same relation to the allies that Belgium did to Germany, and with that example before her she did well to hesitate about defying the superior forces that threatened her. She has not been strictly neutral, but she has been as neutral as circumstances would let her. At this distance it looks as though Bulgaria had made a serious mistake in deliberately antagonizing her little neighbor, for with the Russians closing in on her borders and the allies threatening her from the other side, she has troubles enough for any nation of her size. Another danger lies in her other neighbor Rumania, who is likely to be alarmed by her action and throw her armies into the balance against the Central allies. She is naturally pro-Russian anyway, and German diplomats have had a hard job in keeping her neutral. If the Russian drive continues to be successful there is but little doubt that Rumania will eventually, and likely in the very near future cast her lot with the allies. This would be a hard blow to the Teuton allies as it would open the way for Russia to march freely against Austria, and to do it with the added force of Rumania's more than half a million trained soldiers.

Indications are that much history will be made in the next few weeks in the Balkan region.

The commission to investigate and arrange for the settlement of all matters between this country and Mexico has been appointed and its first meeting will be held September 4 at some of the watering places on the Atlantic coast. The first thing to be considered is the withdrawal of General Pershing's forces from Mexican territory, and this will no doubt be done soon, since General Funston asserts it can be done without endangering the border. This means that in all probability the militia boys will be home before long, and certainly, as Ford said of the European war, "out of the trenches by Christmas."

All Germany is rejoicing at the same arrival home of the Deutschland. She is not alone in this either, for here in America there is also a feeling of gratification at the success of her trip. This is not so much on account of sympathy with the German cause as the admiration of grit and daring, which all can and do admire even though an enemy benefit by it.

The Oregonian should take things calmly this hot weather and not allow itself to descend to the level of a common scold. When it isn't pointing out to the democrats things they should do it is repeating that old formula: "I told you so." The editorial staff should visit Coos Bay, get a whiff of the cool sea breezes, and that lively section's hospitality. It is no use being in a hurry to get its scolding done, for the presumption is more than fair that it will have four years more, at least, to finish the job.

Speaking of Oregon's remarkable climate what's the matter with that of the human fly?

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The dispatches the other day told of 6,000 barbers going on strike in New York City. That seems like a goodly number of phonographs to go out of business at one time, but it is only a small fraction of the barber fraternity in that burg. The Barbers' Journal gives the number of tonsorial artists in that city as something more than 32,000. Just imagine a city twice the size of Salem with every man, woman and child in it a barber, and you get some idea of the number of folks there are in the world's metropolis.

Leone Cass Baer is always interesting and generally right. Recently she asked: "Can you imagine any fate on earth or elsewhere worse than having to be the wife of a perfect husband?" Yes, Leone, we can. Just imagine if you can a poor devil of a man with all his faults having to fill the role of a husband to a perfect wife.

There is no presidential candidate good enough this year for Victor Murdock, bull mooser, to vote for. If Roosevelt's discarded party had carried the idea it at one time cherished of placing the Kansas statesman at the head of its ticket, he might have escaped the unpleasant dilemma of politician without a party.

The Oregonian reports that Tom Neuhausen's "Non-partisan Hughes League" is growing rapidly in Oregon. That is going some when the g. o. p. campaigners steal even the non-partisan thunder of the democrats.

The price of wheat seems to be trying to keep up with the high cost of living—for which the farmers of the country are duly thankful.

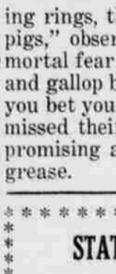
Well, anyway, those Salemites who did not go to Coos Bay were at the train to see the others off and send best wishes to the bride.

How would you like to be the Iceman!



DRY WEATHER

Throughout the west the long July, like some champagnes, was extra dry; the skies were blue, day after day, the sun pursued its redhot way; when breezes swept the countryside, they felt as though they had been fried. The goosebone prophets had their fling, and prophesied like everything. "I heard a rain crow all day long, and that's a sign that ne'er goes wrong," one prophet said, to weeping jays; "we'll have a rain within two days." "This morn to eastern sky red," another bum clairvoyant said; "that is a sign that rain will come, and save our crops of chewing gum." "There is a ring around the moon," remarked another wise gossoon, "and when the moon is wearing rings, there's bound to be a rain, by jings." "The pigs," observed a graybeard seer, "are showing sign of mortal fear; they rush, excited, round the pen, and squeal and gallop back again; and when the pigs thus act insane, you bet your boots there'll be rain." But all the prophets missed their guess, and but augmented our distress, by promising a sweet surcease the while we sizzled in our grease.



today liberated approximately 300,000 brook trout in the North Umpqua river and its tributaries. The trout were obtained at the North Umpqua hatchery, while the cans used in distributing the fish were borrowed from the state.

STATE NEWS

Klamath Falls Herald: Envious eyes viewed it and envious hands weighed it, the big hunk of retorted yellow metal which Dave Good was showing around town Saturday. Fifty-six ounces at approximately \$15 an ounce. Fifteen times 30 is—oh, let's call it \$850. And several pieces of ore almost solid gold, which brought up the total way beyond that. No wonder the old mining men gathered around.

The gold was the result of the cleanup for 10 days' work by three men over on the Hungry creek claims which Dave Good and Messrs. Lowery and Watt, of Butte, Mont., recently purchased. George Sackett and L. Burg have been working the mine with Mr. Good. The gold did not come from a pocket, either, but from a nice fat vein that looks like it would lead clear into the center of the earth. It looks like a big thing and Dave's friends are congratulating him.

Such hop contracting as is now being done is about 10 cents a pound for new hops. The outlook for a big crop, not only in Oregon, but in all the hop growing states, this year is said to be excellent, and in Oregon the prediction is a bigger crop by one-third than last year. Present weather is highly favorable and placing the crops in no danger from lice or mold. Estimates are that this year Oregon will have 120,000 bales of hops, California 107,000, Washington 30,000, and New York 20,000. The normal amount of hops consumed in the United States in a year is about 150,000. How much of the remainder can be sent abroad with the embargo on is the problem.

Roseburg Review: Working under the direction of S. C. Bartram, local forestry supervisor, U. F. McLaughlin and a number of other rangers working under the supervision of the Roseburg office of the forestry department,

OPEN FORUM

The Wave of Radicalism.

Editor Capital Journal:—I see by your paper that a meeting was held at the city library, presided over by Rev. Dr. Doney of Willamette university, to make Oregon absolutely dry. It seems to me we have had pretty nearly enough of radicalism in Oregon. But like the French revolution, the only remedy known to radicals is more radicalism. Hasn't our state gone far enough on these lines to satisfy the most praiseworthy of our citizens? Hasn't enough injury been done to the city we live in and to the state at large? Read this from today's Albany Herald, one of the most consistent prohibition papers in the state, over the name of Dr. J. J. Hill:

"Empty houses, little trade in once busy streets, refusal of a large percentage of our citizens to patronize the restaurants, and forcing it, through personal animosities of one class against the other, to face bankruptcy unless a truce can be had with the belligerent factions, are some of the trials that are confronting us today. The sins of the guilty unfortunately visit the innocent. The majority of the leaders that brought about the city's wreckage, followed in the wake of their pull, instead of remaining to set as an example to the masses they had left the 'dynamite to bury the dead.'" Look over the list of those who were foremost in the fight and you will find few of the despoilers here today and the few who are here, are now showing "a tendency toward more liberality and common sense in the community."

Dr. Hill is an old-timer and a large property owner. He is not a transient agitator with no real responsibility to the community. What he says of Albany is true of nearly every town in western Oregon. It should be remembered that the same radicals who propose now to make the state what they call "absolutely dry" enacted the present law in all its terms and are responsible for all its demoralizing influences upon our communities. I have asked many business men in our city whether they are making money. The almost universal answer is no, we are losing money. The showing of the banks is a pretty good index, and I would like to see the radicals take the bank statements for the past three years and see how much satisfaction they get out of them. I should like to have them take any block in the city and see what property was renting for three years ago and compare it with the present deplorable effect of their work.

Their only answer is, there are not so many people in jail, and the attendance at the penitentiary has fallen off. There are not as many in the jails and penitentiary as should be there and there is not as much business of any kind. It cannot be said that this is due to the European war or to the democratic administrations in the past 20 years and our city never went so flat. These same radicals are backing a Sunday Blue Law that aims to stop all labor on the Sabbath day, or at least they complain that 30,000 persons work in Oregon on Sunday, not counting the preachers. These 30,000 earn about two million dollars a year in wages, and that is to be stopped. The radical party will not stop at this, but if they are given the power will not only stop all amusements on Sunday, close theatres, stop dancing and card playing, and even games of children and young people.

Their present excuse for radicalism is that the Oregon brewers are to be allowed to manufacture and sell on the same terms as brewers in other states. Would that be a crime? It would be justice. But what care they for that? Justice does not enter into the scheme of criticism. A Portland woman visiting at Salem recently had heart failure, and needed a spoonful of whiskey, her lifelong remedy. No physician could prescribe it. What is the effect of driving people to use drugs? It is to fill the madhouses and cemeteries. This is what we call moral reform. Isn't it time to call a halt on a craze that leaves its victims in worse condition than it finds them?

E. HOFER.

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MY HUSBAND AND I

By Jane Phelps

A LOOK BACKWARD

CHAPTER IV.

When Mildred Sutton married she was a happy, fun-loving child—nothing more, in spite of her seventeen years. She was the oldest of eight children; and the old Southern plantation rang with shouts of laughter from morning until night.

Mr. Sutton, while not rich, had given his daughter all the advantages possible. Mildred was unusually bright and clever, a natural artist, a fine musician, and the best horsewoman in the country. She was fearless and happy, good to look at, slim and tall; with immense quantities of auburn hair, and a face that many thought beautiful, although her features were far from regular.

She also had a high-strung, sensitive nature, that made her father shake his head as he looked at her and wonder what unhappiness it would cause her in the future.

Enter Clifford Hammond.

Clifford Hammond, a Northern man, met Mildred when on a business trip in the South. Mr. Sutton was one of several men he met in a business way, and who, with true Southern hospitality, invited the Northern man to his home.

Hammond was immediately impressed with the bright, attractive Mildred, and paid court to her in an ardent manner. As he was of a good family and possessed of an ample fortune, Mr. Sutton saw no reason for interfering. He felt

that the difference in their ages—Hammond was fifteen years older than Mildred—was in his favor, as he would be better care for his favorite daughter.

"You must remember that she is scarcely more than a child," Mr. Sutton said when Clifford spoke to him. "She has been a little spoiled perhaps, but is always amenable, especially to love."

"I think I can promise to take care of her in every way," Clifford returned, a bit arrogantly.

Very soon afterward, Clifford was obliged to go to Europe in the interests of his business. He urged a reluctant consent, hesitating mainly on account of Mildred's youth; as he thoroughly trusted Hammond.

So, without waiting for a trousseau, which Clifford declared could easily be procured in Europe, they were married. Mildred was so young, so inexperienced and childish, that she had her husband realized it, he could have moulded her as he wished. She was proud of him, and looked up to him with a feeling akin to that which she had for her father; besides loving him deeply. But he, possessing her, ceased courting her, and gradually returned to his former interests and pastimes.

"Please don't stay long!" or "Hurry back, won't you?" usually followed her good-bye kiss. And in other ways she

had said and did childish things that "got on the nerves," as he expressed it, of the man she had married.

With her sensitive temperament every indifference was magnified into neglect, slights were often fancied where none were intended, and Mildred often wept bitter tears when she thought he would not know it.

A Threat.

"Don't be silly!" or "I wouldn't act foolish!" often stopped her little evidences of affection. It bored him to be kissed and told how he was loved at every and any time she chose. To be just to him, she often embarrassed him, and Clifford Hammond was not the type of man to endure that.

Mildred missed the old free life of the plantation, the love so freely shown, and the delight in her affection. For a time Clifford seemed to try to make her happy, but his business absorbed him, and even before they returned from Europe, he would forget her for hours at a time, and she, who had had nothing but love and kindness all her life, would go away by herself and weep.

"I try not to cry—really I do, Clifford! but when you are cross, the tears come in spite of me."

"Well, see that they don't come again, or—" he turned on his heel and left her.

(Tomorrow—Mildred waits through an unhappy evening.)